tant-General Verdier to attack. After a heavy cannonade the enemy's left was routed. Augereau attacked their centre; Massena their right. We were victorious all along the line.

We have, therefore, in five days, fought another campaign. Wurmser has lost 70 guns, all his transport, 12,000 to 15,000 prisoners, 6000 killed and wounded.

At night, on the battlefield:

The moonlight was lovely; suddenly, from out the deep solitude of the night, a dog, crawling from under a dead man's clothes, dashed at us, but only to return quickly to his lair, howling plaintively. He licked his master's face, then turned on us again; it seemed as though he both asked for help and cried out for vengeance. Whether it was my mood, or the place, the hour, the incident itself, or something unaccountable, yet I can truly say that never anything on a field of battle moved me so much. Involuntarily I stopped to watch. Perhaps, said I to myself, the man has friends, and he lies here abandoned by all except his dog! What a lesson for nature to read us through the act of a dog!

8th, Verona:

Here we are, back in our old positions. The enemy's retreat has carried them far into the Tyrol. The Austrian army has vanished like a dream, and threatened Italy is at peace once more.